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KING HENRY VIII.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

I N

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXVIII.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King HENRY.

Cardinal WOLSEY.

CRANMER.

NORFOLK.

BUCKINGHAM.

SUFFOLK.

SURRY.

Lord Chamberlain,

GARDINER.

Cardinal CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS.

Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Lord SANDS.

Sir H. GUILFORD.

Sir T. LOVEL.

CROMWELL.

Dr. BUTS.

Surveyor.

Porter.

W O M E N.

Queen KATHARINE.

Old Lady.

ANNE BULLEN.

PATIENCE.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one Door: at the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. **G**OOD morrow, and well met. How have you done

Since last we saw you in France?

Nor. I thank your grace;

Healthful, and ever since, a fresh admirer

Of what I saw there

Buck. An untimely ague

Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when

Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. Then you loit

The view of earthly glory. The two kings,

Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,

As presence did present them.

When these suns,

(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds, challeng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform

Beyond thought's compass.

And all this order'd by the good discretion

Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him: What had he to do
In these fierce vanities?

Why took he upon him,

Without the privy o'th' king, t'appoint

Who should attend him? he makes up the file

Of all the gentry; for the most part such,

To whom as great a charge as little honour

He meant to lay upon 'em.

Nor. The state takes notice of the private dis-
Betwixt you and the cardinal. [ference

You know his nature;

That he's revengeful; and I know his sword

Hath a sharp edge: It's long, and't may be said,

It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,

Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;

You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that

That I advise your shunning. [rock,

Enter Cardinal Wolsey and Cromwell, the Purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries, with Papers; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his Eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?

Crom. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Crom. Ay, an't please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more,
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and his train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore best

Not wake him in his slumber. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revild
Me, as his abject object; at this instant
He bores me with some trick; he's gone to th'
I'll follow, and outface him. [king:]

Nor. Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question,

What 'tis you go about. Be advis'd, I say;

There is no English soul who better can

Direct you than yourself,

If with the sap of reason you would quench,

Or but allay the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,

I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along,

By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but

From sincere motions; by intelligence

And proofs, as clear as founts in July, when

We see each grain of gravel, I do know

To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' king I'll say't, and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock——my lord, this holy fox,

Or wolf, or both, his mind and place

Infecting one another;

Suggests the king our master

To this last costly treatv, th' interview,

That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass,
Did break t'ith' rining.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir——this cunning
The articles o'th' combination drew, [cardinal

As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,

As he cry'd, let it be——to as much end,

As give a crutch to th' dead; but our court-cardinal

Has done th's, and 'tis well—for worthy Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Let the king know,

(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal

Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases.

Nor. I am sorry

To hear this of him! and could wish you were

Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:

I do pronounce him in that very shape

He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir——

My lord, the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl

Of Hertford, Stafford, and Northampton, I

Arrest thee of high treason, in the name

Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,

The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish,

Under device and practice,

Bran. I am sorry
To see you taken from liberty;
'Tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. I obey.
O my lord, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The king
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know
How he determines farther.

Aber. The king's pleasure must be obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, t'attach Lord Montague, and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor.

Buck. So, so;

These are the limbs o'th' plots: no more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o'th' Chartreux.

Buck. Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure e'en this instant cloud puts out,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Flourish. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's Shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovel; the Cardinals places himself under the King's Feet, on his Right-side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thank you for this great care, I stood i'th' level
Of a full charge confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's, in person,
I'll hear him his contentions justify.
And, point by point, the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

Lord Chamberlain says, Room for the Queen.

Enter the Queen, she kneels. The King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses and places her by him.

King. Rise, and take place by us.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a sutor.

King. Arise, and take place by us; half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself, and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicit, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been com-
missions

Sent down among 'em, which have slaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein although [*To Wolsey.*
(My good lord cardinal) they vent reproaches,
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honour heav'n shield from foil) escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing,
pell'd by hunger,

And lack of other means, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation?

Wherein? and what taxation? my lord cardinal,
You that are banish'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,

I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,

You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not whole-
some

To those which would not know them, and yet must
Performe be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my sovereign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!

The nature of it, in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous,
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd,
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through enmissions, which compel from
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd [each
Without delay; and the pretence for this,
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold
mouths,

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allgiance in them. All their curses, now,
Live where their pray'rs did. I would your high-
ness would give it quick consideration. [ness]

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,

I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not past me but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.
If we stand still, in fear, we then are only
Statues of the state.

King. Things done well,

And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.
We must not read our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution!—Why, we take
From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber;
And though we leave it with the root thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry county
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission. Pray look to't,
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

[*To Cromwell.*]

Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd com-
monly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd, [mons
That through our intercessions, this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Farther in the proceeding. [Exit: Crom.]

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham

Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many.
The gentleman is earn'd; a most rare speaker;
Th' nature none more bound; but he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his.

Sir: you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit, relate what
Most like a careful subject, have collected [you,
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Sir. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day,
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry't so,
To make the scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergavenny, to whom, by oath, he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

King. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fall? To this point, hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Sir. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophesy of Nicholas Hopkins,
His confessor, who fed him, ev'ry minute,
With words of sovereignty. There is, says he,
A holy monk, that oft
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour,
To hear from him a matter of some moment.
Who (after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter) with demure confidence,
Thus pausingly ensu'd: neither the king, nor's heirs
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper; bid him strive
To gain the love o'th' commonalty, the duke
Shall govern England——

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office,
On the complaint o'th' tenants. Take good heed,
You charge not, in your spleen, a noble person,
And spoil your noble soul. I say, take heed.

King. Let him proceed.

Sir. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord, the duke, by th' devil's illusions,
The monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dan-
gerous for him to ruminate on this. [gerous
He answer'd, Tush,
It can do me no damage; adding farther,
That had the King in his last sickness fall'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! What fo rank? Ah, ha——
There's mischief in this man. Can't thou say
Sir. I can, my liege. [farther?

King. Proceed.

Sir. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke,
About Sir William Blomer——

King. I remember
Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on.

Sir. If, quoth he, I for this had been com-
mitted,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper, Richard, who being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in's presence; which, if granted,

(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Have put his dagger into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, Madam, may his highness live in
And this man out of prison? [freedom,

Queen. Heaven mend all.

King. There's something more would out of thee.
What say'st?

Sir. When he had said this,
With one hand on his dagger,
The other spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his dagger in us: he's attach'd.
Call him to present trial; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us. By day and night
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Chamb. How now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Sands.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Chamb. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and taylor's.

Chamb. I'm glad 'tis there: now, I would pray
our monieus

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe, indeed, lords;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em; I'm glad they're a-
going,

For sure there's no converting 'em. Now, Sirs,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r lady,
Held current music, too.

Chamb. Well said, Lord Sands,
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

Sands. No, my lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Chamb. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship shall be a guest, too.

Chamb. O, 'tis true.

This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies. There will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. The churchman bears a bounteous mind,
indeed;

A hand as fruitful, as the land that feeds us.

Chamb. My barge stays;

Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Tho-
We shall be late else. [mas,

Sands. Ay, ay,
If the beauties are there, I must make
One among 'em, to be sure. [Exeunt.

A small table under a state for the Cardinal; a longer
table for the guests. Anne Bullen, and others after
Ladies and Gentlemen, as guests. Enter Sir Henry
Gunsford.

Cuill. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace,

Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this nobly bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad. He would have all as merry,
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Lovel.
O, my lord, y're tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company,
Clap'd wings to me.

Chamb. You're young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet, ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em. By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair-ones.

Lov. O that your lordship were but now con-
To one or two of these. [*Jeffer*]

Sands. I would I were,
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Chamb. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit.—Sir
Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this.
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze:
Two women plac'd together make cold weather.—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking.
Pray sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet
ladies: [*Sits.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none. Just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*]

Chamb. Well said, my lord.

So now y're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Flourish. *Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.*

Wol. Y're welcome, my fair guests. That nooble
lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome,
And to you all, good health.

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour.
Ladies, you are not merry. Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have
Talk us to silence. [*'em*]

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship; and praise it, Madam;
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace that they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, and guns discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?

Chamb. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice.

And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y're privileged.

Enter Cromwell.

Chamb. How now, what is't?

Crom. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge, and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French
tongue,

And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*All arise, and tables removed.*]

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more,
I show'r a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Flourish. *Enter King, and others, as masters, ba-*
bied like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Cham-
berlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal,
and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Chamb. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace, that having heard, by fame,
Of this so noble, and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and intreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace: for which I
pay 'em

A thousand thanks; and pray 'em take their plea-
sures.

[*Chuse ladies, King and Anne Bullen. Dance.*]
King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

Wol. My lord.

Chamb. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me;
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place, than myself, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it. [*Whisper.*]

Chamb. I will, my lord.

Wol. What say they?

Chamb. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed, which they will have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly. You do well, my lord.
You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge you unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither; what fair lady's that?

Chamb. Can't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bul-
len's daughter,
(The Viscount Rochford) one of her highness'
women.

King. By Heav'n, she's a dainty one.—Sweet-
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*Heart.*]

[*To Anne Bullen.*]

And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
In the privy-chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wel. Your grace,
I fear, is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.
Wel. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet
partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry.
My good lord cardinal, you must give us leave
To keep these ladies from their rest awhile.
I have another measure yet to lead 'em,
Which being ended, they shall all go sleep.
Then this, which does a happy vision seem,
May be again repeated in a dream. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

*Enter 1st. Two Tiptowes. 2d. Sir Thomas Lovel,
and Vaux. 3d. Executioner, with the Axe to-
wards the Duke. 4th. The Duke of Buckingham.
5th. Four Gentlemen in Black. 6th. Two Guards.*

Buck. **Y**OU that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home
and lose me.

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die. Yet Heav'n bear
witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it, I could wish more christians.
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, altho' the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham, *[me,*
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on.

Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.—
Commend me to his grace:

And if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in Heaven. My vows and
pray'rs

Yet are the kings; and till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years;
Ever belov'd, and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Thomas,
Let it alone: my state now, will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high-constable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edmund
Yet I am richer than my base accusers, *[Bohuns]*
That never knew what truth meant.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,

Flying for succour to his servant, Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell. Peace be with him!
I had my trial,
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.
You that hear me,
This from a dying man receive, as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away,
Like water from ye; never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewel; and when you would say something sad;
Remember Buckingham.

[Exeunt Buckingham and Train.]

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and
Suffolk.*

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Chamb. Good day to both your graces.

Suff. How is the king employ'd?

Chamb. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Chamb. It seems the marriage with his brother's

Has crept too near his conscience. *[wife*

Suff. No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so.

This is the cardinal's doing; the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him,
one day.

Suff. Pray Heaven he do; he'll never know him-
self else.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deli-
Or this imperious man will work us all, *[v*rance;
From princes into pages. Let's in;
And with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts that work too much upon
My lord, you'll bear us company? *[him.]*

Chamb. Excuse me,
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find it a most unquiet time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships. *[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]*

Suff. See, the King.

Enter the King, reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there; ha?

Nor. Pray Heaven, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust
Into my private meditations? *[yourselves*

Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold!
Go to; I'll make you know your times of business;
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legate, with
a Commission.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O, my Wolsey!

The quiet of my wounded conscience!

Thou art a cure, fit for a king.—You're welcome,
Most learned, rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom.

B

[To Campeius.]

Use us, and it; my good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; leave us.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him.

Suff. Not to speak of:

I would not be so sick, though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heaven at him.

Suff. I another. [*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

King. Co.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.

Who can be angry, now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniards, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurie of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King. And once more in my arms, I bid him wel-
come,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Camp. Your grace must needs deserve all stran-
gers loves.

You are to noble: to your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men: the queen shall be ac-
quainted,

Forthwith, for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her;
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my
favour,

To him that does best: Heaven forbid, else. Car-
dinal.

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour
You are the king's now. [*to you;*]

Gard. But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me
King. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*Wolks and Whispers.*]

Camp. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor
In this man's place before him? [*Pace,*]

Wol. Yes, he was.

Camp. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely.

Camp. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal. [*then,*]

Wol. How! of me?

Camp. They will not stick to say you covy'd him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still, which so griev'd him.
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!

That's christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,

For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none to near else.—Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to his queen.
[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-frirs:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business,
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? but conscience, conscience—
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Anne Bullen and an Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither—here's the pang
that pinches.

His highness liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing.

I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
Than wear a golden sorrow.

Who would, on such conditions, be a queen?

Old L. Beshrew me, I would, and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy;

Anne. Nay, good troth—

Old L. You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old L. A three-pence bow'd would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it.

Anne. How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen,

For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England,

You'll venture an emballing: I myself,
Would for Carnarvonshire, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that.—Lo, who comes
here!

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Chamb. Good morrow, ladies; what were't worth,
to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Chamb. It was a gentle business, and becoming

The action of good women: there is hope

All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray Heaven, amen.

Chamb. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing,
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year annual support,
Out of his grace he adds

Anne. I do beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a bustling handmaid to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Chamb. Lady,

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit

The king hath of you—I've perus'd her well.

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*]

That they have caught the king; and who knows

But from this lady may proceed a gem [*yet,*]

To lighten all this life. I'll to the king,

And say I spoke with you.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Anne. My lord, I am your humble servant.

Old L. The Marchioness of Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!

No other obligation? By my life
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt.

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long abience; pray do not deliver
What here y've heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? ——— [*Exeunt.*

Discovered at the Trial. Captain, six Guards behind
the Throne. King, on the Throne. Norfolk and
Suffolk, on each Side. Lord Chamberlain and
Surry, on a Step. Sands and Lovel, on another.
Two Lords. Two Cardinals on two Stools, facing
the Audience. Cromwell at a Table, in the Mid-
dle, a Mace on it. Gardiner and Canterbury on
each Side. Lincoln and Eli, likewise on each Side.
Two Judges. Two Priests with Silver Crosses.
Two Civilians. Two Tisshaves. Crier, in a Bal-
cony, aloft.

Vol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?

It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Vol. Be't so; proceed.

Crom. Say, Henry, King of England, come into
the court.

Crier. Henry, King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Crom. Say, Katherine, Queen of England, come
into the court.

Crier. Katherine, Queen of England, &c.

*Enter Queen, goes to the King, and kneels at his
Feet, then speaks.*

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship, and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable.

Sir, call to mind,

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of the time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person; in Heaven's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The king your father was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment. Ferdinand
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wife council to them,
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore hum-
Sir, I beseech you, spare me, till I may [bly,

Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore. If not, I'll th' name of Heaven,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Vol. You have here, lady,

(And of your choice) these reverend fathers, men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are assembled,
To plead your cause. It shall therefore be bootless,
That longer you defer the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is un-erred in the king.

Camp. His grace

Hath spoken well, and justly; therefore, Madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,

To you I speak.

Vol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Queen. Sir,

I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Vol. Be patient, yet——

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay before,
Or Heav'n will punish me. I do believe,
(Induc'd by potent circumstances) that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal, betwixt my lord and me,
Which Heaven's dew quench! therefore, I say
I utterly abhor, yea from my soul [again;
Refuse you for my judge, whom yet, once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Vol. Madam, you wrong me;

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any; how far I've proceeded,
Or how far farther shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The king is present; if't be known to him
That I gain say my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you. The which be-
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech [fore
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking,
And say no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord, I am

A simple woman, much too weak t'oppose
Your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogance, with spleen, and pride.
That again

I do refuse you for my judge, and here;
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King; and offers to depart.*

Camp. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t'accuse it; and
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katherine, Queen of England, come into
Usher. Madam, you are call'd back. [the court.

Queen. What need you note it? Pray you keep your way;
When you are call'd, return. Now the lord help,
They vex me past my patience—pray pass on;
I will not tarry; no, not ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their company.

[*Exeunt Queen and her attendants.*]

King. Go thy ways, Kate,
That man i'th' world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
The queen of earthly queens. She's nobly born,
And, like her birth, has still demean'd herself.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd) if I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't: you are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like the village curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
The queen is put in anger; y're excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? You ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business,
And oft have hinder'd
The passages made tow'ards it: on my honour,
I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this point;
And thus far clear him. Now what mov'd me to't,
I will relate:

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness
And scruple, on certain speeches utter'd
By th' bishop of Bayon, then French ambassador.
For no dislike i'th' world against the person
Of our good queen.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
(Katherine our queen) before the primest creature
That's paragon o'th' world.

Camp. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to a further day;
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his holiness.

King. Break up the court.
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return: with thy approach, I know,
These comforts will make haste, which now are slow.

[*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*]

*And, serpent-like, he stings the breast
Where be's harbour'd and carv'd.*
Enter Gentleman-Usher.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't please your grace, the two great cardinals wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their graces

To come near. What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They should be good men, their affairs are righteous.

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness.

Queen. What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to with-
Into your private chamber; we shall give you [draw
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done, yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

Wol. Regina Serenissima.

Queen. Good, my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
Pray speak in English; here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.
Believe me she has had much wrong.

Camp. Most honour'd Madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service, and his counsel—

Queen. To betray me.

My lords, I thank you both, for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray Heav'n ye prove so.
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set
Among my maids, full little, Heav'n knows, look-
Either for such men, or such business. [ing
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness) good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with
those fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit—can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
No, no, my friends;

They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In my own country, lords.

Camp. I would your grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Camp. Put your main cause into the king's pro-
tection;

He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my
ruin.

A C T III.

The Queen and her Women, as at Work.

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench; my soul grows
sad with troubles:
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou can't.

S O N G.

Pat. Love's the tyrant of the heart,
Full of mischief, full of woe;
All its joys are mix'd with smart,
Thorns beneath his roses grow.

Is this your christian counsel? Out upon ye.
Heav'n is above all, yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt. Would you have me
(if you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already,
His love too, long ago.

Wol. Pray, hear me—

Queen. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels faces, but Heav'n knows your hearts.
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas, poor wenches! where are now your fortunes?

[*To her Women.*]

Shipwreckt upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almost no grave allow'd me! like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good
Upon what cause, wrong you? [*lady,*]

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Queen. Do what you will, my lords; and pray,
forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life.—Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,
'That little thought, when first she touch'd this isle,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord
Surry, and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them.

Sur. I am joyful,

To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suff. Which of the peers
Have, uncompten'd, gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Chamb. My lords, if you cannot
Bar his access to th' king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king, in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not,
His spell in that is out; the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came

His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to th' eye o'th' king; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did intreat his holiness
'To stay the judgment o'th' divorce; for if

It did take place, I du, quoth he, perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suff. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Chamb. The King in this, perceives him, how
he coasts,

And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physic,
After his patient's death. The King, already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. But will the King

Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

Suff. No, no: Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cause of th' king unhandled; and
is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd, Ha! at this.

Nor. But, my lord,

When returns Crammer?

Suff. He is return'd, with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King, for his divorce.

Soon, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Anne's coronation. Katharine, no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Enter Wolsey, and Cromwell.

The cardinal.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,

Gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'th' inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind: a heed
Was in his countenance. You, he bade
Attend him here, this morning.

Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this, he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.

[*Exit Cromwell.*]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon, [*Aside.*]

The French king's sister; he shall marry her.

Anne Bullen!—No, I'll no Anne Bullens for him—

There's more in't than fair visage—Bullen!—

No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily, I wish

To hear from Rome—The Marchioness of Pem-
broke!—

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he hears the king

Does what his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [*Aside.*] The late queen's gentlewoman!
a knight's daughter!

To be her mistress's mistress! The queen's queen!—

This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,

Then out it goes—What, though I know her vir-

And well-deserving? yet I know her for [*tuous,*

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to

Our cause!—That she should lie i'th' bosom of

Our hard-ru'd king!—again, there is sprung up

An heretick, an arch one, Crammer, one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a schedule.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would fret
the string,

The master-cord of's heart.

Suf. The king!

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated.
To his own portion! What expence by tin' hour,
Seems to flow from him! How, i'th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?

Norf. My lord, we have
Stood here, observing him. Some strange com-
Is in his brain: [motion]

In most strange postures
We've seen him tet himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind.
If we did think

His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon.

[*Lovel goes to Wolsey.*]

Wol. Heav'n forgive me, and
Ever blefs your highness—

King. Good, my lord,
You're full of heav'nly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces, in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er. You have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure, a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that,
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices, I have a time;
A time to think, upon the part of business
I bear i'th' state, and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well;

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well;
And yet you are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I have my office,
I've kept you next my heart; still
Employ'd you where high profits might come home.

Wol. What should this mean? [*Aside.*]

Sur. It begins well. [*Aside.*]

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no? What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My study'd purposes require. And I profess,
That for your highness' good, I ever labour'd,
More than my own.
Though all the word should crack their duty to you,
Though perils in the state
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in form more horrid; yet, my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken;
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*]
And after, this; and then to breakfast, with

What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey;
the Nobles throng after him, whispering and
smiling.*]

Wol. What should this mean?

He parted, frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fear, the story of his anger—'tis so—
This paper has undone me—'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together,
For mine own ends, indeed, to gain the popedom,
And see my friends in Rome. O, negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device, to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To be Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell:
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk,
the Earl of Surry, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Norf. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal, who
commands you

To render up the great seal, presently,
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay!

Where's your commission, lords? Words cannot
Authority so mighty. [carry]

Suf. Who dares cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth, expressly.

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand
gave me;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest.

Within these forty hours, Surry darst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy,
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour; from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him:
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit;
I answer, is most false. The duke, by law,
Found his deserts.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That in the way of loyalty and truth,
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
I dare mate a sounder man than Surry can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. Your long coat, priest, protects you. My
Cap ye endure to wear this arrogance? [lords,
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded, by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel nobility. Let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion.
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope, against the king; your good-
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. [ness,
My lord of Norfolk,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Coll'cted from his life. I'll startle you,
Worrie thine the facing-bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
But that I am bound in charity against it. [man,

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
But thus much, they are four ones. [hand:

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows the truth.

Sur. This cannot save you;
I thank my memory, yet I remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power,
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd, in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Sys. That out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat be stamp on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you've sent innumerable sub-
stance,

(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You nave, for dignities. Many more there are,
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cram. O, my lord,
Piest not a falling man too far;
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps, to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal
[Exit all but Wolsey.

Wol. Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is a state of man. To-day, he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow, bluffs,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:

The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers, in a sea of glory:

But far beyond my depth. My high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate ye.
I feel my heart now open'd. Oh, how wretched,
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!

Enter Cromwell.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes! Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace, above all earthly dignities;
A still, and quiet conscience.

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use
of it.

Wol. I hope I have. I'm able, now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. Heaven bless him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
Lord Chancellor, in your place. [chosen

Wol. That's somewhat sudden——
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice,
For truth's sake, and his conscience.

What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news, indeed!

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath, in secrecy, long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel, and the voice is now,
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O, Cromwell!

The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost, for ever.
Get thee from me, Cromwell. Seek the King;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master.

Crom. O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord,
The King shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and ever, shall be yours.

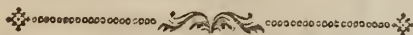
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear,
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
Say, I taught thee;

Say, Wolfey, that once trod the ways of glory,
Taught thee this.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me;
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
By that sin fell the angels. How can man, then,
(The poor, weak image of his Maker) hope to win
by it?

Love thyself last, cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Still in thy right-hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's good,
Then if thou fall'st, Cromwell, thou fall'st a blest
martyr.

Now, pry'thee, lead me in——
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell, Crom-
well!

Had I but serv'd my God, with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.



A C T IV.

Katharine Dowager *discover'd sick, attended by Crom-
well, and Patience her Woman.*

Crom. **H**OW does your grace?

Kath. O, Cromwell, sick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burden. [*Sitting down.*]
Diddst thou not tell me, Cromwell, as thou ledst me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Crom. Yes, Madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pry'thee, good Cromwell, tell me how he
If well, he slept before me happily, [*died.*]
For my example.

Crom. Well, the voice goes, Madam;
For after the stout Earl of Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
(As a man forely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Crom. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words. O, father abbot,
An old man broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth, for charity!
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest, his faults lie bury'd with
him!

Yet thus far, Cromwell, give me leave to speak
And yet with charity; he was a man [*him,*]
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Crom. Noble, Madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness,
To hear me speak his good, now?

Kath. Yes, good Cromwell,
I were malicious else.

Crom. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofly and four to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men that fought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:

And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing Heaven.

Kath. After my death, I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Cromwell.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still,
I have not long to trouble thee. Good Cromwell,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note,
I nam'd my knell; while I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I got.

[*Sad and solemn Music.*]

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Crom. Madam, we're here.

Kath. It is not you I call for—
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Crom. None, Madam.

Kath. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Cromwell, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear.

Crom. I am most joyful, Madam, such good
Possess your fancy. [*dreams*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. And't like your grace—

Kath. You are a faucy fellow;
Deserve we no more reverence?

Crom. You're to blame,
Knowing he will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do intreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman sent from the king to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Cromwell. But
this fellow

Let me ne'er see again. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant ever.

Kath. O my lord
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,

First mine own service to your grace, the next
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Karb. O, my good lord, that comfort comes too
'Tis like a pardon after execution; [late,
That gentle physic giv'n in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Karb. So may he ever be, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom.—Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pot. No, Madam.

Karb. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willingly, Madam.

Karb. In which I have commended to his good-
ness,
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter.
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
And a little

To love her, for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows how dearly! my next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
The last is, for my men; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
These are the whole contents. And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heav'n I will.

Karb. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility, to his highness;
And tell him his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will—mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My lord—Cromwell, farewell—nay, Patience,
You must not leave me, yet. I must to bed—
When I am dead let me be us'd with honour,
Strew me o'er
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave.

And tho' unqueen'd, interr me like a queen,
And pay respect to that which I have been.

[Exit.

ACT V.

King and Suffolk discover'd at Play.

King. CHARLES, I will play no more, to-night,
My mind's not on't, you are too hard
for me.

Suff. Sir, I did never win of you, before.

King. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—

Enter Lovel.

Now, Lovel, from the Queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks,
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou! ha!

To pray for? what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suff. Heav'n safely quit her of her burden,
To the gladdening of

Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight; Charles;
Pr'ythee, to bed, and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suff. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, a good night: [Exit Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
As you commanded me. [bishop,

King. Hal! Canterbury!—

Denny. Yea, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true—where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovel seemeth to stay.
Ha!—I have said—be gone.

[Exit Lovel and Denny.

Cran. I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, rise,

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints, of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented,
Till farther trial,

To make your house our Tower; you, a brother
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness [of us,
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand; stand up,
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
[Cranmer rises.

What manner of man are you? my lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and have heard you,
Without confinement, farther.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on, is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person; Heav'n and you
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into [majesty.
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.

Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
 You do appear before them. If they chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you;
 The best persuasions to the contrary,
 Fail not to use. If intreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us,
 There make before them. Look, the good man
 He's honest, on mine honour. [weeps]
 I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
 None better in my kingdom. Get you gonne,
 And do as I have bid you. [Exit Cranmer.
 He's as strangled all his language, in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Lovel. [Within] Come back; what mean you?
 Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring,
 Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head.

King. Now, by thy looks
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
 Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
 And of a lovely boy; angels of Heav'n,
 Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
 Promises boys, hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you,
 As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel.

Enter Lovel.

Lov. Sir.
 King. Give her an hundred marks; I'll to the
 queen. [Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light I'll ha'
 An ordinary groom is for such a payment. [more.
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.
 Said I for this the girl was like him? I'll
 Have more, or else unsay't: now, while 'tis hot,
 I'll put it to the issue. [Exit Lady.]

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I hope I'm not too late, and yet the gentle-
 man,
 That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
 To make great haste. All fast? what means this?
 Who waits there? sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
 But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.
 Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.
 Butts. This is a piece of malice; I am glad
 I came this way so happily. The king
 Shall understand it, presently. [Exit Butts.]

Cran. 'Tis Butts,
 The king's physician; as he pass along,
 How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
 Pray Heav'n he found not my disgrace! for certain,
 This is of purpose laid by some that hate me;
 They would shame to make me
 Wait else at door: a fellow counsellor
 'Mong boys, and grooms, and lackeys! but their
 pleasures
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, at a Window above.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight—
 King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw, this many a day.
 King. Body o' me: where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury,
 Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursuivants,

Pages, and foot-boys!

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery;
 Let 'em alone,

We shall hear more, anon.—

[Exeunt.]

A Council Table discovered, with Chairs and Stools;
 Lord Chancellor, at the upper end of the Table, on
 the Left Hand; a Seat being left void above him,
 as for the Archbishop of Canterbury; Duke of
 Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Cham-
 berlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on
 each side. Cromwell, at the lower end, as Secretary.
 Chan. Speak to the business, Mr. Secretary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,

The cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbishop;

And has done, half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter, now.

[Cranmer approaches to the Council Table.]

Chan. My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
 To sit here at this present, and behold
 That chair stand empty: but we all are men
 In our own natures frail, out of which frailty,
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
 Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little;
 Tow'd the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching and your chap-
 lains,

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,

Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies;

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden, too,

My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses.

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer 'em

(Out of our easiness and childish pity

To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,

Farewel all physick: and what follow then?

Comotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint

Of the whole state:

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress,

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd

(And with no little study) that my teachings,

And the strong course of my authority,

Might go one way, and safely;

Pray Heav'n the king may never find a heart

With less allegiance in it.

I do beseech your lordships,

That in this case of justice, my accusers,

Be what they will, may stand forth, face to face,

And freely urge against me.

Suff. Nay, my lord,

That cannot be; you are a counsellor,

And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we've business of more
 moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' plea-

And our consent, for better trial of you, [Justice,

From hence you be committed to the Tower;

Where being but a private man again,

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,

More than, I fear, you are provided for. [you;

Cran. Ay, my good lord of Winchester, I thank

You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror;
You are so merciful, I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
(Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience.
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect,
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? Ye are not found.

Crom. Not found!
Gard. Not found, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest!

Men's prayers, then, would seek you, not their fears.
Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life, too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I've done.
Crom. And I, my lords.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord; it stands
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith [agreed,
You be convey'd to the Tower, a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure:
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect; you're strangely troublesome;
Let some o'th' guard be ready there.

Enter Keeper.
Cran. For me!
Must I go like a traitor, then?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the grips of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king, my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.
Gard. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suff. 'Tis his right ring. I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. D' you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seat.
Gard. Dread sov'reign, how much are we bound
to Heaven,

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty of our dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flat'ries, now.

Whatsoever thou tak'st me for, I'm sure
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.

Good man, sit down.—Now let me see the proudest
[To Cranmer,

He that dares most, but wags his finger at thee,
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your grace——

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.
I thought I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait, like a lousy foolboy,
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counsellor, to try him;

Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice, than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;

Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My most dread sovereign, may it like your
grace—

To let my tongue excuse all? What was purpos'd,
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his trial,

And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;

Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Can-
terbury,

I have a suit, which you must not deny me,
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive, may glory
In such an honour. How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons: you shall have

Two noble partners with you; the old Duchess
Of Norfolk, and the Lady Marquess of Dorset——

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true
The common voice, I see, is verity'd [heart.

Of thee, which says thus: Do my lord of Can-
terbury

But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain:
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[Exit.
Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals.

Do you take the court for Paris Garden? Ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

Witbin. Good, Mr. Porter, I belong to the ladder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye rogue. Is this a place to roar in? I'll scratch your heads. Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not. How gets the tide in?

Witbin. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens. Is this Moorfields, to muster in?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Chamb. Mercy o' me; what a multitude are here!

Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,

When they pass back from th' christ'ning!

Port. Pleease your honour,

We are but men, an army cannot rule 'em.

Man. No, nor two armies.

Chamb. As I live,

If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all

By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads

Clap round fines, for neglect: y'are lazy knaves.

[*Exeunt.*

Discover six Guards, two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter King at Arms, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, with the Marshal's Staff, Duke of Suffolk; then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, God-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle; then the Marchioness of Dorset, the other God-mother, both Trains borne up, and Ladies. Lord Chamberlain, and Earl of Surrey.

Cran. Now to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners and myself thus pray, for all
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,

That Heav'n e'er laid up, to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Archbishop.

What's her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.

With this kiss take my blessing: Heav'n protect
Into whose hand I give thy life. [thee;

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossip,

I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady;

When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,

(For Heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter;

Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This royal infant, (Heaven still move about her)

Though in her cradle, yet now promises,

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which time will bring to ripeness. She shall be

A pattern to all princes living with her,

And all that shall succeed her. Truth shall nurse

her;

Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:

She shall be lov'd, and fear'd. Her own shall bless

Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn, [her.

And hang their heads with sorrow. Our children's

children

Shall see this; and bless Heav'n

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happiness of England,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

Would I had known no more. But she must die,

She must, the fates must have her, yet a virgin,

A most unsporting lily shall she pass

To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O, lord archbishop,

This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,

That when I am in Heav'n, I shall desire

To see what this child does.

I thank ye all—

Lead the way, lords;

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;

She will be sick else. This day, no man think

H'as business at his house. for all shall stay,

This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*



